

Hohenheim discovers the Truth

by Ialwaysaslutforcats

Category: Fullmetal Alchemist

Genre: Family, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Hohenheim

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-15 22:57:48

Updated: 2016-04-25 20:33:46

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:23:55

Rating: K

Chapters: 2

Words: 961

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Hohenheim returns home to the horrible truth of the death of his wife.

## 1. Chapter 1

As Hohenheim gazed at his wife's grave he could feel tears starting to form in his eyes, eyes that had seen too much pain. Yet he felt like his heart was breaking all over again. He knelt, his grief bringing him to his knees. As if he was begging to a God he didn't believe in. He wasn't sure what for, his fair Trisha in his arms again, to see her dance and smile and kiss him. To have a way to be rid of his damned immortality, so he never had to leave in the first place. If only he had been there, then Ed and al might not have.

He paused his thoughts, his mind wandered to the smouldering wreck that was once his family home. He had built precious memories there and Ed had decided to steal those. No, he stopped himself, Ed is just a young boy, who made a monumental mistake. He must forgive him, he'd lived through worse betrayals than that after all.

He stood and tilted his head back. He felt tears roll of his face and wet his beard. He recalled the reason he had fallen for Trisha, his Trisha. She had brought him hope, when he had given up on humanity. They all seemed so stupid and trivial. He shuddered at the thought now. She had reminded him that although they were all the things he thought and knew them to be, they were also so much more. The kind existed among the brutal and harsh, the intelligent and progressives lived in a world of fools and love and companionship could spin even straw into gold.

He smiled, she had changed his world, her, so insignificant and small. She was the wonder, not the philosopher's stones or the thing in the jar. Her love was so pure and kind that he had wanted to bring a family into the world, and cherish them forever. He blinked the tear away and sighed. That's why he had left, to make it so him and

Trisha could die together, side by side. So he could see his boys grow up into bright students, who loved and were loved.

Instead all he got was a burnt down house and a grave stone, and two boys who seemed to hate him.

If only he had never left.

## 2. Chapter 2

Hohenheim made the long journey back to Resembol, to visit his wife for the last time. He stood at the entrance to the grave yard and he felt his heart grow heavy. He pondered this feeling and wondering if this was the weight of just one life. He hadn't felt merely his own in so long. He was so tired, but a strange peace enveloped him. He walked to the grave and stood before her. He couldn't believe she'd been gone for so long. He suddenly felt heavy and fell to kneeling, his bag beside him.

"Oh Trisha!" He said. "I'm home, I miss you. The way you used to make me smile after a long day at work. Or your face when you had just woken and you still were sleepy. How you would curl closer to me in bed." He smiled at the though.

"Edward called me father, although he did say rotten before it!" He chuckled a little. "They've grown so much. My boys, our boys, they did such a terrible thing. But Ed refused to use the last of my life force or a philosopher's stone to bring Al back. I'm so proud." He wiped a tear that had collected in his eye.

"I'm so glad I met you, and we made such a beautiful family. It was lovely while it lasted. But ever since meeting you, and seeing our boys out there fighting for what's right. Well I've come to realise that I am happy to be alive." The wind whipped his hair and he could feel a chill blowing in as night fell.

"I have led a long life, full of things you cannot begin to imagine. But it wasn't until I met you and my sons that it was fulfilling. It has been enough." He paused and reaching into his briefcase to pick up and place the flowers on Trisha's grave. They were roses, orange ones. Always were her favourites. Whenever he bought them home she'd rush up to him, give him the biggest kiss and then for the next half an hour carefully clip and arrange them. The house was full of the rich smell for days after they'd died. Every time he smelt them, he thought of his Trisha, her glowing smile.

"Thank-you Trisha. You were my rock and without you I might never have saved the world. We created those amazing boys who saved everyone with their passion and scheming." He stopped and laughed hollowly, sadly. "But sure enoughâ€œ I don't want to die. There really is no hope for me!"

He looked over the orange sunset and took in the view. The farmhouse in the distance, where Pinaco had raised his boys and Winry so well. The hill where their house had once stood. The memories which would turn to dust with the ash and with him. "It's just that, I want to meet my grandchildren. I want you to see their little faces. How much they'll be like Ed or Al. Or Winry!" He added, laughing slightly.

He sighed, "Oh well, maybe we'll be able to watch them together. From wherever you are and I am shortly heading." He placed his head up against the tomb stone. "To us my love, let us have our fortune in heaven."

And with that he felt himself start to fall asleep into a deep dream. A dream of the great beyond.

End  
file.